

and fashionable life of former years, when the gaming tables were an attraction for the rich Russians and English and the beautiful and graceful French ladies, and when each day had its adventures and its charming pastimes. These dissipated moods now cause the German Parliament and cry out against the law which has passed abolishing throughout the German Empire all public gaming and the rooms for roulette and trete et quarante tables.

"The gentlemen in Parliament always speak about liberty," said a peevish guest in Ems to me yesterday; "and yet they seem to delight in putting people under restrictions, and do not even give them the freedom to amuse or ruin themselves at the gaming table as they may think fit. It is said that the German nation is now in the prime of life, and yet they seem to give it a guardian and to meddle in the people's individual will. Was the abolition of the gaming tables conducive to the happiness of the people? No one is any the happier for it. He who wishes to play and who cannot do so publicly any more will go to the secret gaming tables, which are infinitely more dangerous, as they are under no control whatever. Thus nobody is any the happier for the closing of the tables, while a great many are rendered unhappy by it."

WHAT WAS DONE FORMERLY.

What crowds of interesting strangers, of high born gentlemen of all countries, who spent their gold freely; and of fascinating ladies who received it in full consciousness of their wondrous beauty! How slow, monotonous and tiresome would the days pass by now if the Emperor had not saved us all! He is the cynosure of all eyes and every thing turns around his person. He is the sun who gives brilliancy, light and warmth, and whom everyone regards.

EMPEROR WILLIAM THE LIFE OF THE PLACE.

And he is right, the good and discontented citizen; Emperor William is really the life-giving sun in Ems. On the morning's promenade every one asks, Has the Emperor arrived already? And then every one makes towards the colonnades to see him, and is happy when successful in so doing. But how simply, like a common mortal, and without any pretensions, the Emperor moves about! Very often he passes quite unexpectedly through the crowds, without his suite or companion, quite alone, and nods quietly and secretly to his acquaintances, for he never forgets any one once he has spoken to him, but is very satisfied if he is not saluted and not taken any notice of.

COUNT LEHNDORF'S DUTIES.

Ordinarily, however, he is accompanied by Colonel Count Lehndorf, his aide-de-camp, for he prefers chatting with him, who is his favorite. And no one deserves more to be the Emperor's favorite. He understands better than any one else how to amuse the Emperor; he recounts to him the little incidents of the day; but he also takes pleasure in giving his Imperial master the opportunity to do good and be benevolent, and he is pleased and delighted when, through his intercession, he can afford unhappy beings help and assistance. Count Lehndorf is not only a charming gentleman, but also a good man, who is always ready to please every one, and to use his influence in every just cause. The Emperor thinks more of Lehndorf's recommendation than of that of any other gentleman's of his suite, and he is always pleased to hear that Lehndorf is universally popular, and he is even proud of his handsome, knightly aide-de-camp.

THE CROWN PRINCE IN EGYPT.

When in 1869 the Crown Prince went to Egypt to be present at the opening of the Suez Canal, his Imperial father gave him his own aide-de-camp, Count Lehndorf, as companion. Before their departure the Emperor nominated the Crown Prince commander, with the rank of general of the cuirassier regiment Queen Elizabeth—the white uniform, the golden helmet and the glittering breastplate of which suited the tall form of the Crown Prince admirably well; and at the same time His Majesty promoted Count Lehndorf from the rank of a major to that of colonel, in order that the golden fringe on the epaulettes should not be wanting on his handsome uniform. The tall and well shaped figure of both surpassed all the others in height, and they were, undoubtedly, the most magnificent representatives of knightly manhood which Germany sent to those ceremonies in Egypt.

EVEN THE EMPRESS EUGENIE

was quite carried away by the fine appearance of the Crown Prince of Prussia. But not only the ladies who were present at the splendid fêtes given by the Khedive were charmed by the tall and proud Prussian cavaliers, but wherever they went on their tour the people were rejoiced and received them with enthusiastic acclamations and demonstrations. Once, when en route to visit the Prince of Lebanon, they came to a village through whose little street they had to pass. Their arrival had been announced, and all the male inhabitants of the village, arrayed in their best clothes or otherwise, had advanced to meet the Crown Prince and his companion, who were both mounted on dromedaries, and now preceded them through the village street, dancing, jumping and singing. The women stood on the tops of the houses, and had removed their white veils in order to be able to regard closely the Sultans of the country of the Franks, and suddenly they burst out in joyful cheers, and from roof to roof they cried, "Force Khettel!" The greatest homage was shown the occidental knights by the women, which greatest homage consisted in continually pouring rosewater over them. It was as if it rained perfume. "And," says the Crown Prince, in the diary kept while on his journey, "when we had left the village we were wet through."

CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK'S EASTERN STORIES.

I regret greatly not to be able to give you exact and copious extracts from these diaries, but duty and discretion forbid it, as they are not destined for publicity, and he had only about fifty copies lithographed, which he presented to his relatives, friends and admirers. These diaries contain so much that is interesting, spirited and to the point, that it is really to be deplored that their contents cannot be divulged. When I went to Egypt, a year later, I found the European ladies, as well as the ladies of the harem, the wives of the Khedive, and his beautiful, fair-haired daughter, who is now married to the weak, half idiotic Toussema Pacha, still full of admiration for the beauty of the German Crown Prince and his companion, and just as enchanted as all the Fellahs and Bedouins. When they are asked whether they have seen the German Crown Prince and the German Count they reply, enthusiastically, "Force Khettel!" for these words mean

"strong and beautiful," are with the Egyptians expressive of the very highest admiration.

THE IMPERIAL ADJUTANT GENERAL RUS ROSS.

Well, if the German ladies do not do homage to Count Lehndorf with rosewater they do it in a more genial manner, with roses. I remember that last winter, while driving with the Emperor, the latter said to Count Lehndorf that he wished to drive to the picture gallery.

Count Lehndorf looking somewhat concerned on hearing this, the Emperor remarked his embarrassment and asked him whether he was otherwise engaged. Lehndorf confessed at length that under the supposition that he could that morning dispose of his time, he had made an appointment for an hour with his agent on important business. "Keep your appointment and do your business," said the Emperor, "and when you have finished come to the picture gallery to meet me."

An hour had hardly elapsed when the Adjutant General appeared before the Emperor in the gallery, looking very happy and contented. This the Emperor remarked, as well as the fragrant rosebud which Lehndorf, on his return, wore in his buttonhole.

The Emperor smiled and pointed to the rosebud of his handsome Adjutant General, who looked down embarrassed; and, shaking his finger, the Emperor remarked, "The man with whom you have transacted business just now *sub rosa* must be peculiarly practical."

HOW THE EMPRESS TREATS HIS FAVORITE.

Count Lehndorf was, until within the last few years, in somewhat straitened circumstances. He does not come from a rich family and is too much of a nobleman to bother himself much with economy and calculation. He likes to spend money grandly and strew it out by the handful, and there are only too many who like to pick it up, but never to return it. As soon as the Emperor heard of this difficulty of his Adjutant General he released him from it in a truly imperial manner, quite in contrast to his habitual economy, which is a hereditary virtue in the House of Hohenzollern, and which the present Crown Prince possesses in even a higher degree than the Emperor.

FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND THALERS CASHDLY MADE.

In this case the Emperor totally discarded this tendency to economy which manifests itself sometimes in his presents. He gave his Adjutant General the first choice of buying a piece of land—the Emperor's private property. Count Lehndorf bought it for 100,000 thalers and the very next day resold it for 500,000 thalers, after reserving for himself a lot whereon to erect a splendid palace.

THE COUNT WANTS A WIFE.

Not long ago the Count said to me:—"When my house is finished I have only one more wish."

"What wish?" I demanded.

"The wish for a son and heir," he replied.

"Ah! but for that," I replied, "it is necessary that you should marry first, Count; and, allow me to ask, why do you not do so?"

"You are right; why do I not do so?" he retorted smilingly. "I ask myself this very question often enough; but I am in the opposite position to those who do not marry for want of ladies' acquaintance."

I have an audience of that and do not know how to choose."

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S MOVEMENTS.

Louise Muhlbach's Third Letter from Ems—Imperial Visits and Gossip—The Russian and German Kaisers.

Ems, July 27, 1873.

An event, a tremendous event! The Emperor came over from Coblenz yesterday on a visit to her Imperial husband, in consequence of which their Majesties gave a dinner party, to which invitations were received by the Greek Ambassador in Vienna, Prince Ypsilanti, who had come from Wiesbaden to pay his respects to the Emperor, and also the Turkish Ambassador at Berlin, Aristachas Pacha. Was it on account of the presence of these Oriental gentlemen, and did the ever-attentive Emperor take the passion of the inhabitants of Eastern countries for the "weed that gives thought and banishes care" into consideration, or did he wish to demonstrate that etiquette was excluded from his company at Ems?

A ROYAL SMOKE.

For whatever reason it may have been the event consisted in the fact that after dinner cigars were handed around and that it was permitted to accept of and smoke these cigars there and then. Oh! King James of England, what wouldst thou have said if thou hadst entered the Imperial dining room, filled with tiny clouds of blue smoke, yesterday, and hadst seen how in the presence of the father-in-law of one of the illustrious daughters of thy race smoking was permitted the guests? But the courtiers were very pleased therewith, and he Emperor enjoyed their agreeable surprise.

THE EMPRESS'S HAPPY MOMENTS.

The Emperor is always in good spirits here, and his temporary exasperation which hindered him and his Chancellor from accepting the Emperor Francis Joseph's invitation to visit the Vienna Exhibition has entirely disappeared. The Emperor is enjoying the very best of health, and the baths and waters of Ems are doing him a great deal of good. He daily takes long walks and drives, dressed comfortably in plain clothes, and, besides this, works with never-fading energy and industry, the same as in Berlin. The Emperor can say of himself in the well known words from the Bible:—If life is precious, it is full of trouble and work, for verily the Emperor's life is full of trouble and work. He never rests and never stops; he is always "the soldier ready for service" and the "dutiful State official," as Frederick the Great playfully called himself. Every hour has its particular occupation and its own work. The Emperor does not like to infringe on this rule, and hardly ever allows amusements and pleasure to encroach upon the time set apart for work, while very often the time for work greatly diminishes his leisure hours. But of this I will write more fully at some future time, as I have determined to describe Babelsburg to you, when I will have occasion to give you more details of the Emperor's private life, which, however, is just as strictly regulated here as at other times. Only at very rare intervals the Emperor allows himself, while here, more rest than usual, after walking or driving, and this only at the instance of his physician, Dr. Bauer, for his favorite motto now, as before, is "Immer stramm," as if one were in the traces and kept him "always taut," and which phrase he severely repeats to himself when inclined to more repose than he thinks right.

A DAY AT JUGENHEIM.

The day before yesterday was one of those days of somewhat prolonged relaxation, as the Emperor went to Jugenheim, the summer sojourn of the

imperial family of Russia and where the bridegroom of the Russian Emperor's daughter, His Royal Highness, the Duke of Edinburgh is also staying at present.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND HIS FLAMBOURNE.

The poor young Grand Duchess who, as is well known, only a short time ago declared to her mother while weeping that she would rather die than renounce the man she loves, has had to submit to live and wed another; and in a similar way the young Duke of Edinburgh, who formerly asserted that he would ever remain a bachelor, had to give up his determination to remain single. Well, perhaps love has worked a miracle here, and we might use Julius Cæsar's words, "He came, saw and conquered."

The Emperor's purpose in going to Jugenheim was to tender his congratulations. The joyous family gathering celebrated the auspicious event in rural quietness and entirely without ceremony.

AFFECTION OF THE TWO KAISERS.

It is well known that the Emperor Alexander loves his uncle William as he would his father, and that he possesses the utmost veneration and respect for him. When the Emperor Alexander was here the two imperial personages were every morning seen walking together on the promenade, apparently engaged in most confidential conversation, and unconsciously arm-in-arm and in plain clothes, and very often the Emperor William accompanied his nephew Alexander to his residence in the Hotel zu den vier Thurmen.

THE ROYAL APARTMENTS AT EMS.

I am at present occupying the same apartments that the Emperor had when here, and which, when his wife visited him, he transferred to her on account of the beautiful view, while he contented himself with humble quarters. These three rooms, which now form my abode, have for long years and were in the time of the Empress Alexandra among those reserved for the imperial family. This year they were renovated and newly furnished for the Emperor, and the head waiter, when offering them to me on my arrival, told me with great pride that after the Emperor's departure hundreds of strangers had come to visit the Emperor's rooms and admire their furniture.

I, also, was astonished at their appearance, but for quite another reason—I was surprised at their simplicity. These rooms are not, in any way, different from those of the other guests, and are not half so elegant as the first floor of a first class Berlin hotel, not to speak of the hotels of the great Italian cities or the Grand Hotel in Paris; and yet they were furnished specially for an Emperor, for the ruler of the greatest Empire in the world.

EMPEROR ALEXANDER'S WRITING TABLE.

I use a writing table just now which served the Empress Alexandra, and which was only allowed to remain here because the Emperor likes to retain and cherish all mementoes of his late illustrious mother. It is a neat but quite ordinary lady's writing table, of mahogany, which in the course of time has got considerably darker.

On the wall next the writing table stands an ottoman, with a small mahogany table and a very old-fashioned tabouret. Along the small wall, on both sides of the door, which, according to old style, is low and narrow, there are two ordinary cushioned chairs. Placed sideways in the corner there is a "whatnot," with glass doors, and along the wall, opposite the ottoman, stands a sofa, with a table before it, next to which is the door of the bedroom. On the fourth wall there is the greatest ornament of the room, a beautiful high pier glass, with marble consoles. In the window recesses are two small arm chairs, with little tables before them. The covering of the furniture is simpler than it would be in a second class hotel, being only woollen damask of a yellowish-brown color, but there is a beautiful new Brussels carpet in the room.

GOLDEN FINNY COMPANIONS.

There is no other decoration, no other ornament in this, the newly furnished sitting and reception room of a mighty potentate. There is not even a chandelier hanging from the ceiling, which is divided by heavy beams. Ah, yes, there is one other ornament, the small and plain glass globe which stands on the marble stand, and in which there are two pitiable goldfish, which, as the loquacious chambermaid informs me, were expressly provided for the Emperor of Russia. But the room is spacious and lofty, and the gray paper hangings with gold decoration have a very good effect.

AFTER THIS COMES THE BEDROOM.

also hung with nice paper and possessing a pretty carpet, but which in every other respect is furnished with only that degree of comfort which every other traveller expects to find in the present time. The bed, the resting place successively of two Emperors and one Emperor, makes me long for my own Egyptian bed, with its mosquito curtains, in my Berlin home. There are in the bedroom a whatnot, a sofa, an easy chair, with a round table; between the windows a marble-top toilet table, and in the window recesses two small round tables and cane-seat chairs. Such is the Imperial bedroom.

THE THIRD ROOM OF THE SUIT.

Next to it there is another room, with only one window, in which slept the two Adjutant Generals of the Emperor, and which is now occupied by my daughter and her companion. These are the apartments of the Emperor, which were so much visited and admired.

CHARMING MOUNTAIN VIEWS.

But they possess one beauty which gives them a peculiar charm and fascination, that is, the magnificent view which one enjoys from their windows, and which extends from the garden that surrounds the hotel to the high and steep mountains which on all sides surround the narrow Lahn Valley. Exactly facing my windows stands a very fine old weeping birch, from whose slim and long branches are suspended long, pretty green leaves, which, with their pedicles several feet long, remind me of the wonderful fox tails to be found in the gardens of the Lateran, the so-called *trent di cardinali*, with the difference that the leaves of the latter are red, but, as a Berlin saying is, "it is the same shade in green." Around the stem of this tree trail wild vines, which are almost as dense as a wall, and above these are the long, tender lightgreen umbels of the "trent di cardinali" of the weeping birch. This tree makes a splendid and poetic impression, which gladdens the heart, however much care and sorrow may weigh it down at other times.

A VISIT FROM PRINCE GEORGE.

Yesterday Prince George visited me, and his first look was directed to the small easy chair in the window recess, when his generally clear and bright eyes took a sad expression.

"This was the favorite seat," he said, "of my aunt, the deceased Empress Alexandra. She used to sit in this small easy chair and would for hours gaze at that, her favorite tree, the weeping birch. She really loved this tree, and used to say, 'I have much more beautiful apartments in St. Petersburg, which are magnificently furnished, but no decoration in this world can give me such a view as this tree which the Almighty has planted out there.' Poor Aunt Alexandra! what agonies did she sometimes suffer while sitting in this chair, regarding the tree and the neighboring mountains!"

I pointed in reverent silence to the portrait hanging above the writing table on the wall, whose only ornament it is, to the large photographic likeness of the Empress Alexandra which the proprietor of the hotel had procured out of attention to the Emperor. I know the original painting from which this photographic copy was taken. It is a masterly executed water color painting, standing on the writing table of the late King Frederick William IV, in Sans-Souci—a beautiful and at the same time terrible picture.

HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.

Who would believe that this deadly pale, corpse-like face, with the sunken cheeks and the great lustreless eyes—this head, which at the back was covered by a close veil, resembling a shroud more than anything else—represented an Empress? Ah! but this Empress was but a poor human being, tormented by acute sufferings, who, as it is whispered, had the same malady which slowly brought Philip Second, King of Spain, to the grave. The proud Empress had for years the courage to conceal the sufferings she had to undergo and the ravages which the illness inflicted on her body, and when she at length gave it up there appeared from beneath the artificial color, the lace veil and the artificial cheeks, the face of a corpse, and the blooming, rosy and healthy-looking Empress of yesterday was to-day but a mortally sick, deadly pale, decrepit woman.

MEETING THE LATE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

Some years ago I met her here in Ems, and I can never forget the terrible impression she made upon me. Here was the weeping birch, which, as I look up from my writing table, is now before me. There I saw a small invalid's carriage, whose wheels glittered like gold, and which was covered with purple satin. The pretty little chariot looked more like the car of a Roman conqueror than the couch of a human being afflicted with a fatal disease. While I was yet standing there regarding it there appeared under the door of the hotel a singular group. In the centre of it there was a tall woman, dressed in flowing black robes, the features emaciated, deep black marks in the hollow cheeks, the large eyes lustreless, and the thin, whitish lips, firmly pressed together, to repress, perhaps, a cry of agony; the hair combed back from the wrinkled forehead, enveloped in a large lace shawl. On either side of her was a Russian, short, squarely built figure, with a fierce, icy face. The suffering woman had an arm around each one of these men, and thus was pushed forward, while behind her walked another Russian, with broad shoulders and powerful arms, a very giant's form. Arrived at the chariot, they stop, and the giant steps forward to the woman, takes her in his arms as he would a child, and lifts her into the carriage, where he arranges the cushions for her tenderly and carefully. The two other Russians pushed the chariot gently forward, the giant following as body guard, and thus the singular procession went over the yellow, cracking sand towards the Park.

"Who is that? Who is this living corpse?" I demanded of my companion, who solemnly replied:—"She is the most powerful and the weakest, the richest and the poorest woman in the world. She is the hopelessly sick Empress of Russia!"

The picture of his mother hangs over the Emperor's writing table, while the photographic likeness of his wife hangs over the divan in his bedroom. Does it sometimes remind the handsome and majestic Emperor of Schiller's words:—

Die Tränen doch kein leeres Wahn,
Und der Mensch soll sich aben im Leben!

A LADY LAMENTS THE GREAT RUSSIAN'S DEPARTURE.

I have just received a call from a handsome and spirited lady, who arrived at Ems some weeks before me.

She was delighted to find me in the apartments lately occupied by the Emperor, and as her eye fell on his portrait she smiled, and, sighing softly, she remarked:—"Ah! he was fascinating, the Emperor Alexander! And how gay and elegant life was here during his sojourn! There is not the shadow of it left as it was four weeks ago. Now Ems is tiresome and sober, whereas then it was amusing, fascinating and attractive. A host of the most distinguished, wealthy and gay gentlemen surrounded the Emperor; splendid ladies, glittering with diamonds and dressed in silks and velvets, belonging to the highest aristocracy, yet without prejudice and every ready for amusement and enjoyment, were to be seen, and made the promenade look enchanting. Joyful laughter and joking, as well as flirtation, were to be heard and seen everywhere. Every one wished to please and to make him or herself agreeable. The most beautiful and lovely women tried to obtain one glance from the Emperor, and were yet pleased that his face ever retained its sad and gloomy expression, and that he never regarded nor recognized even the most marked advance."

A MYSTERIOUS BEAUTIFUL FEMALE.

And then she went on whispering to me of a romantic story which had its origin here in Ems in a lonely villa in a sylvan retreat, of a fairytale figure, which had only been seen from a distance and always deeply veiled, whose name even the Russian gentlemen did not know and who never appeared on the promenade, but which could be seen every afternoon in the shady arbor of the garden with a gentleman of high and imposing form, bearing a marvellous resemblance to the Emperor Alexander, who, at that time, never appeared on the promenade. This gentleman was as jealous as a Turk and guarded his treasure with Argus eyes, and always went unaccompanied to the mysterious villa on the other side of the Lahn. Even when he walked with her in the garden the tall figure of the lady was enveloped in what seemed a cloud of laces and veils, while her face was shaded by a large fan. No one could discover who this strange beauty was, and the gentleman guarded "the sweet mystery of his house," as the Turk calls his beloved wife, successfully against all curious and idle looks.

THE GLITTER, MYSTERY AND BEAUTY VANISH.

But all this romance has now disappeared since the Emperor of Russia has left to visit the Empress at Jugenheim. All the beautiful Russian ladies and their aristocratic cavaliers, following their

Cæsar's example, have also left, and the villa on the other side of the Lahn stands empty, and neither sweet mystery nor mirth and laughter are to be found any more in the shady walks of its gardens. Poetical ideas seem to have left Ems with the Emperor; but a very sober and uncomfortable reality the rich Russian aristocracy have left behind them.

HIGH PRICES FOR PRINCE AND PRINCESS.

Ems is, these summer months, probably the most expensive place in this world. The enormous prices which the hotel keepers charged, seemingly in celebration of the Emperor's presence, they have also kept up persistently after his departure. Yesterday, while paying my weekly bill, I took the liberty of expressing to my landlord my astonishment at the stupendous prices charged, and told him that living was considerably cheaper in Vienna, even during and immediately after the opening of the Exposition, than it is at present in Ems.

"I quite believe that," he replied. "They can do it cheaper in Vienna, for they have strangers all the year round, while here in Ems we only have a few weeks. Besides this, we have to bear the misfortune of the stopping of the gaming tables. In former years our prices were lower and we could well afford it; for then we had no rooms, no closets free—an attic was paid for like a saloon—and we could do better. The gentlemen who came to play to pay homage to Dame Fortune paid us without remonstrating or grumbling whatever we asked them, and hence we could charge the respectable people who came here for their health less. But now only health-seeking patients come here, and at that we have sometimes even rooms empty, and hence we must try to make up the damage done us by the closing of the tables."

The remark which an acquaintance made to me on my arrival here came to my mind. He asked:—"Who is really rendered happy by the abolition of the tables?" And I inwardly answered, "Certainly not the purses of the patients."

With prosaic reflection I will close this letter, promising to speak to you next time of a royal poet who is staying here—namely, Prince George of Prussia.

LOUISE MUHLBACH.

THE CRUISE OF '73.

The New York Yacht Club Squadron at Newport—The Yachtsmen at Divine Service—Sailing Programme for Monday.

Newport, R. I., August 17, 1873.

We have had lovely weather to-day, commencing with a pleasant northerly breeze that, dying away at two P. M., was succeeded by a light air from the southward that again gradually gathered strength and settled down about southwest. On shore the sun was rather oppressive, and the sailors plodding their way to church beneath its scorching rays had rather a hard time, compared to that enjoyed by some sinners lying off in the cockpit of a yacht under the shade of an awning and fanned by a pleasant breeze. I do not for one instant mean to insinuate that all the yachtsmen were sinners, but shortly before eleven A. M. at least a dozen gay yachts, carrying those who designed attending divine service. All Saints' church appeared to receive the patronage of the yachtsmen; but, whether the attraction was the handsome ladies, for which the congregation is famous, or the prospect of a sermon from the Bishop of Rhode Island, I am unprepared to say. The church, however, was crowded with the beauty and fashion of Newport, and, as the Bishop of Rhode Island did preach a very excellent sermon, the yachtsmen had no cause to complain.

In the afternoon the piazza of the Ocean House was crowded, and friend Bates wore a satisfied air. Many of the yachtsmen stood straight out to sea to the demand for rooms, made by some of the passengers on the morning boat, "All full! not even a cot to spare!"

The "German" at Mrs. Kernohan's last evening proved a very charming reunion, lasting from nine o'clock until twelve, and was attended by the upper ten of Newport.

It would be impossible to present a more beautiful nautical spectacle than that presented by the New York Yacht Club Squadron, lying quietly at anchor in Newport harbor.

The fleet at present comprises the following yachts:—

Name.	Owner.	Capt.
Alarm.	Rear Com. Kingsland.	N. Y. C.
Albatross.	Alfred Aldrich.	N. Y. C.
Columbia.	Wesley Walker.	N. Y. C.
Clio.	Aster and Bradburn.	N. Y. C.
Dreadnought.	A. B. Stockwell.	N. Y. C.
Enterprise.	John C. Smith.	N. Y. C.
Foam.	Messrs. Homans.	N. Y. C.
Gypso.	H. Livingston.	N. Y. C.
Idol.	John C. Smith.	N. Y. C.
Josephine.	Lloyd Phoenix.	N. Y. C.
Madeline.	J. Voorhis, Jr.	N. Y. C.
Madrigal.	R. F. Loper.	N. Y. C.
Magpie.	W. S. B. B. B.	N. Y. C.
Palmer.	R. Stuyvesant.	N. Y. C.
Rambler.	M. H. Thomas.	N. Y. C.
Resolute.	M. S. B. B. B.	N. Y. C.
St. Louis.	Messrs. Kent.	N. Y. C.
Tidal Wave.	W. Voorhis.	N. Y. C.
Vision.	Mr. Stevenson.	N. Y. C.
Waver.	—	N. Y. C.
Waver.	—	N. Y. C.

Index.—R. Centre. N. Y. C.
Vision. Messrs. N. Y. C.
Coming. E. Y. C.

SEAM YACHTS.

Julia. J. P. Phoenix. N. Y. C.
Larline. J. P. Phoenix. N. Y. C.

The good people of Newport must evidently be impressed with the opinion that the members of the New York Yacht Club are very great sinners, as not satisfied with the presence of a large number of the yachtsmen in church, they deputed one of their own to carry out a religious mission around the yacht and distribute tracts. This person, although overhauling with religion, was not an ardent sailor, and the religious mission was in the course of his voyage succeeded in knocking the paint off a number of yachts, and also, by a well directed shot for the cockpit of the "Idol," upset an attendant, staining decks, &c., and on the whole his mission was a failure.

The fleet start to-morrow morning for Martha's Vineyard, and the yachtsmen will go on shore and accept the invitation of the proprietor of the Sea View House to the ball given in their honor.

ACCIDENT TO THE YACHT DREADNAUGHT.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., August 17, 1873.

At the Marine Railway, in East Providence, this afternoon, the Yacht Dreadnought was being taken up to clear the bottom for the expected regatta when a portion of the yacht's slender keel turned over and the yacht fell over on to the side of the cradle, which was run back to the water, when the vessel righted, with injury only to the keel.

THE NEW RAILROAD TUNNEL IN JERSEY.

Although Friday was fixed as the day for bids, by the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad Company, for the property along the projected route of the new tunnel through the hill in Jersey City, very few of the property owners came to negotiate a sale. Many transfers have already taken place, however, and the railroad officials say that the property owners thus far have not been unreasonable in their demands. The property owners are in league with the railroad, and say that to one who can get a good price for his property except he sells it through them. The money involved being about two millions, it is not surprising that the railroad holders and property owners, that it is expended in an open-handed manner.

KIDNAPPING ITALIAN CHILDREN.

The Italian Press on the Question in the United States.

The following extract, showing the feeling in Italy relative to the traffic in Italian children, is taken from the *Gazzetta del Popolo* (of Turin), of August 2, 1873:

"The *Riforma*, published in Rome, has a very strong article on the traffic in children between Southern Italy and the United States, and contains enormous proportions since the installation of Consul General De Luca. For the present we shall simply greet the *Riforma* with a hearty welcome, and we shall also greet the American good and high percentage which the Consul exacts in payment for money orders to be paid in Europe in European gold."

SUNDAY AFLOAT.

The Glories of a Weekly Trip on the Water—How Metropolitan Enjoyed Themselves Yesterday—On the Ocean, the Bay and the River—A Big Ship Meeting a Little Onset Sea-Trial Trip of the Balloon Canoe.

There was the usual Sabbath exodus of pleasure seekers from the city and there was the usual variety of routes patronized, the land lines being chiefly induced in through the medium of that antiquated and slow, but very useful institution, the street car. These, of course, embraced trips to Manhattan, High Bridge, Harlem and the top end of New York, as well as the Brooklyn route to Coney Island. The genuine pleasure was enjoyed only by those who were able to go to a city to the most gratifying hedomad relief and exhilaration is a trip on the water. There is a cessation of the noise and turmoil of streets; there is the revivifying effect of the fresh unchecked breezes that sweep over the surface of river, bay and ocean, and a soft, luxuriant ease in the movement of travel on the water that has never yet been achieved in locomotion on the land. And, as a rule, the water excursionist has the advantage of being able to see the land, the foliage-clad hills and the habitations of men, while land excursionists are not always favored with waterscape to vary the monotony of the scenery. With all these attractions for the public, and with such an admirable variety and vast extent of water all about them, it is no wonder, then, that New Yorkers patronize pleasure afloat, as they do generally, and as they did yesterday. There is no other city on the face of the earth where at the same time possesses a bay, two great rivers, an ocean lake like the Sound, and last (and of course not least), the vast ocean itself as the field of aquatic pasture. And such a bay! Unsurpassed by any in the world, either for extent or scenery. And such a river! A river, by but two. And then